

Good Morning

s126

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Shop Talk

By Derek Heberton

"I EXPECT there are many on the boat who have at some odd moment or other been having a quiet burn during working hours, when suddenly that extra sense that we of the lower deck possess, warns us of the approach of 'Gold Braid'."

"Immediately the instinct of self preservation governs our actions, and we instantly take an active interest in the nearest thing to us, inwardly hoping that the approaching menace will continue on ITS journey."

The title of the above is "Flannel Versus More Flannel," and is the work of one P. R. Ickey, Esq., in "Galley Post," the official (or unofficial?) magazine of H.M. Submarine Supreme.

"No! as usual your luck is dead out and it stops," the article continues. "The position then is roughly stalemate. Now this is the stage when we have to begin thinking really hard. You haven't the faintest idea what it is you are looking at and nine times out of ten you can't be sure that the 'Gold Braid' doesn't either."

"The next move is up to him and it is generally in the form of a question, such as 'What valve is that, Smith?' As far as you are concerned that particular valve has only just begun to exist, and the 'Gold Braid' has, with unerring instinct selected it from amidst scores that you do know something about. Don't you think that typical, Smith?"

"There are now several set methods of taking evading action, any of which might work. I, myself, have found after many exhaustive tests, that these two methods are the best."

"The first one is to pretend that you are so engrossed with the job you are doing that the question falls on deaf ears; depending on the persistency of the Questioner lies the number of times you can safely ignore him. But, if your Persecutor safely negotiates this stage an answer must now be given. So you immediately start racking your brains and give a lengthy account of 'How is it's Dontakus Watchermight Callus and What Have You.' (This is technically known as Blinding One with Intervals.)"

"If at various intervals during your prolonged harangue you receive the stock exclamation, 'Oh! I See!' you can set your mind at rest knowing that your Flannel has fallen on good ground."

"Of course, there have been times when I have come across Flannel of a thicker and more subtle variety than that which I possess, so consequently have been beaten at my own game. "Dis then one swallows the bitter pill of defeat and assumes the bucolic look one possesses and say, 'don't know anything about it, Sir!' stressing the 'SIR,' of course. In most cases you are then sent away to 'Find out all about it, and when you do, come back and tell me,' otherwise known as 'Picking One's Brains.'"

"Perhaps you can see now that it takes quite a lot of effort to keep up one's prestige, and there is really only one safe way to do that, and that is by knowing and giving the correct answer the first time."

Having read the first thirteen editions of "Galley Post" from cover to cover, I must congratulate the crew of Supreme on the excellence of their production.

Apart from Mr. Ickey's articles, I must say followed with interest the Wardroom's effort, "The Mystery of the Pregnant Duck." Stoker Morrison and Midshipman Thomas both seem to know something about Art with a capital A, and those American slang definitions by the Leading Tel. certainly are amusing.

To Mr. Mac Hammock-Lash-



Here is family man Stoker George Marshall, whom we found at home with his wife, baby daughter, Maureen, and his pal's kiddy, Anne, when we called at 13 Thames Street, Gateshead, Co. Durham. All were enjoying an afternoon in the garden, and no doubt this will bring back memories for the Stoker.

ing, the Editor, must go great praise for his work, but the highest praise must be given to the Captain for allowing the thing to be printed at all. He has courage indeed!



THE following awards are made—
"For outstanding courage, efficiency and daring in valuable submarine patrols in the Far East."

D.S.C.

Lieut. Anthony Walter Langridge, R.N.
Mr. Frank Baldwin, Warrant Engineer, R.N.

Mentions.

Temp. Lieut. Leonard Ernest Wheatley, R.N.V.R.
Acting C.P.O. Frank Charles Moss.
E.R.A. Ronald Frederick Ramsay Rebbeck.
Temp. P.O. William Stanley Graf.
P.O. Tel. Oliver Cyril Baldock.
Temp. S.P.O. Hayden Davies.

IF you go to New Zealand after this war, what do you expect to find? New Zealand is essentially a maritime country, with most of its important towns situated on the coast. Throughout its history, from the moment when the Polynesian canoes, after weeks of sailing the lonely Pacific, sighted land and christened it Aote-roa (Land-of-the-Ocean-God) it has been dominated by the sea.

Australia is the only great land-mass in that area of the Pacific, and Sydney only 24 days' steaming from Auckland, yet Australia has had extraordinarily little influence on the growth, development and culture of her sister-country.

Though friendly, the people are essentially different, and it is one of the first and worst mistakes of the newcomer to group New Zealanders with the "Aussies!"

They are proud of their independence, and proud of their intimate association, carefully preserved, with Britain, which they call "The Old Country." When I knew the people better I realised that the name is one of affection and loyalty, though tinged, perhaps, with the affectionate pity of a young, progressive nation for a loved but ageing relative.

Nearly all New Zealanders have relatives and close connections here, and British newcomers are warmly welcomed with their views and news, as long as they don't try to put-on-the-dog.

Snobbery is an almost unknown vice in New Zealand, and invariably has fatal results.

The country has had a Labour Government since 1938, and while it is not by any means Utopia, it is very proud of its pioneering work in Social Security, Public Works, Health and other Services. Considering the difficulties of the war years, one has to admire the tremendous efforts of the country with a total population of under three million. If you are interested in politics, you will be given much food for thought during your stay there—and proudly shown many interesting developments.

There is no colour-bar in New Zealand, and you will find Maoris with equal citizenship rights in every walk of life—side-by-side with white children at the schools, brilliant students at the universities, soldiers, sailors and airmen; but, naturally they are found in the greatest number and at their best on the land and pursuing their native arts of sailing and fishing.

NO NIGGERS.

The Maori is a mixture of Polynesian-Melanesian, not a negro, and is never alluded-to as a native or a "nigger." Like most coloured races, the Maori is friendly, easy-going and lazy; sensitive to any slight from foreigners, and hopelessly out-of-control when he gets drunk.

America had a very strong influence before the war, and



The British Navy kisses noses with a Maori beauty.

very much more noticeable since thousands of American troops have been billeted on the country.

Though it is nearly six thousand miles away, the influence of San Francisco is much stronger than that of Sydney; perhaps because of the regular bi-weekly flying-boat service and the steamship lines.

Though you may be in Wellington for a time, or even Christchurch or Dunedin, your longest stay will probably be at Devonport, the chief Naval Station, in Auckland Harbour.

Auckland, for many years the chief city of New Zealand, is still jealous of her title, and woe-betide you if, fresh from Wellington, you praise the capital too lavishly! Wellington Harbour is smaller, deeper, narrower, with the city built on the craggy terraced hills which surround it; attractive, and at times beautiful.

But to my mind it cannot compare with the wide sunlit charm of Auckland—with the triple peaks of Rangitoto Island guarding the entrance to Waitemata, and on your right the long spit of land and golden beaches which is North Shore, and ahead of you, a little hazy in the early-morning sunlight, the city embroidered like a tapestry on her green hills. Waitemata means Sparkling Waters.

Pubs are given the grander name of "hotel" in New Zealand, and you will find several in Devonport itself, and an excellent one on the beach at Takapuna.

Auckland is a small city by our standards, and you will soon get to know it well. The main road, Queen Street, terminates at the dock gates, and the principal hotels, shops and cinemas are there. Service Clubs and associations will make you welcome, and introduce you to private homes; but I want to give you a few ideas for expeditions on your own.

The theatre is practically nonexistent in New Zealand, except for the occasional touring companies. You will be lucky if you see a good show. But the cinemas are excellent—splendid modern buildings, air-conditioned, and showing the latest American films.

When I left Auckland last year, it was an almost universal custom in the cinemas that Service men in uniform could go in free, and take in one friend free.

No smoking is allowed in cinemas—a reminder of the days when they were built of timber—and this rule is kept

most rigidly, even in the steel-and-concrete palaces of to-day.

GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS.

There are milk-bars and small restaurants in every block along Queen Street, and though food-rationing has been in force for over two years, you will get a good meal at a reasonable price. Dances are held at some of the hotels and at the few clubs down the coast, or out in the suburbs.

The girls are mostly friendly, well-dressed, out for a good time—and like the girls in a good many other places, they have been somewhat spoilt by the visiting Americans. Most of these, by the way, have gone, but have left behind them trails of glory and lavish spending.

If you walk about half-way up Queen Street and turn left, you will come to Albert Park—not very large or magnificent, but a pleasant place to drowse in on a hot day, with its rare trees and beautifully-kept lawns and flowerbeds, and children teasing the goldfish in the fountain.

There is one especially beautiful Indian Cedar there, which glitters as if sprinkled with silver frost.

Through Albert Park—and there are no railings or gates, you can wander in-and-out as you please—you can walk the length of Symonds' Street, with its dignified hotels and boarding houses, and large gardens beneath the shade of many trees.

You can stand on any rise in Auckland—and it is built, like Rome, on seven hills—and get a glimpse of blue water at the end of the street.

Remuera, Mount Eden, Epsom, Mount Albert and Henderson are all residential suburbs; most of the houses beyond the city streets being timber, and one or two-storied. The town sprawls for miles, with plenty of space and light, a vast amount of sky. The first two suburbs named above are "aristocrats," and the gardens are well worth looking at.

(Continued on page 2.)

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Romance in a Tap

By BERNARD FRY

A CHIPPENDALE bookcase changed hands at Sotheby's for £1,500 the other day. A collection of 800 miniatures—treasures of the Pierpont Morgan collection—realised £70,000 during a four-days Christie's sale.

Christie's . . . Sotheby's . . . we all recognise these familiar names of the auction-room world. But what do they really mean? What do these two kingpin firms really do?

Both firms have been private concerns for more than 100 years, with four partners to Sotheby's, seven to Christie, Manson and Woods—to give the latter firm its full name—men as jealous of their professional honour as they are skilled in managing the bidding.

Kings of the auctioneering world, they charge high for their services, as much as 12 per cent. of the selling price for books, coins and prints and 7½ per cent. for pictures.

When a Joshua Reynolds was auctioned not long ago for 52,000 guineas, the firm thus netted £4,095, good going for a stroke of the hammer.

In a single year, Christie's sales exceed £4,000,000 and Sotheby's fall not far short of this figure.

Their general rule, in fact, is never to accept for sale any single lot which will not, in the opinion of their experts, fetch at least £10 at auction, a not unreasonable sum considering that their speciality lies in treasures worth thousands of pounds.

If you happen to have a choice old sideboard at home, you thus have a chance of selling at Christie's, though an old piece need not necessarily be valuable.

Every Sotheby's and Christie's sale is still conducted by one of the partners. There are no shareholders.

Against the profits, of course, must be set aside the overheads, the salaries of highly-qualified experts who specialise in the various branches of art, the wages of porters and packers, rents (no light sum in Mayfair) and the cost of advertising, preparing catalogues, and recommending and recording reserves from people who cannot attend the sales.

Perhaps an expert in America is prepared to bid £25,000 for a certain picture. The auctioneer so manages the bidding that he quotes the reserve price on and above a bid made in the room, and perhaps, by his sheer skill, eventually pushes the price up to double the highest reserve sum!

PULPITEER.

The scene in the auction room, strictly speaking is indramatic.

The black-coated auctioneer as a lone figure in his little pulpit among all these slouch-hatted dealers who look as interested in the proceedings as if they were waiting for the bus.

The soft voice of the auctioneer is not always heard by the uninitiated. For a picture it may go like this:—"Twelve hundred and thirty . . . and fifty . . . and eighty . . . Fifteen hundred guineas, I am bid. Fifteen hundred guineas. For the last time, no more?" That is all.

The sharp tap of the wooden hammer breaks the hush, and a clerk at a table writes busily in a book.

Sometimes a picture bought for many thousands has changed hands in the first place for a few pounds or shillings. That is the real romance. A London dealer chanced one day to drop in at the sale of contents of a small country vicarage.

In the library, a dark old picture that had hung undusted for years received an offer of £3 from the local postmistress. The dealer went a little higher and secured the canvas for £5.

It proved to be a valuable Rubens, afterwards to be sold at Christie's for £1,500.

An old table picked up in the Caledonian Market passed through the auction rooms at a final figure of £1,200.

A large picture taken down from the classroom of a Lincoln school had served for many years as a chalk target for the pupils. Beneath the speckled, blotched surface it proved to be a valuable Venetian Madonna and Child.

Dr. Tancred Borenus, well known dealer, was passing through a corridor in a friend's house when he noticed an apparently faded picture of a fawn in a charming landscape. "That picture?" said his host, "oh, it's some old scrap. That's why we hang it there—the passage leads only to the servants' quarters."

But the "old scrap" was by Lorenzo Lotto, an Italian master, and was sold for £1,800 at Sotheby's.

AUK! AUK!

Then there was the minor instance of Mr. Shirley, of Ettington, whose grandfather had handed down to him a large egg labelled "penguin."

Mr. Shirley chanced to read in a newspaper that the French name for the extinct Great Auk was "pingouin" and that its eggs were sometimes erroneously labelled "penguin."

He sold his Great Auk's egg, complete with its pedestal, from the lumber room for £250.

Tug

M. FRANCOIS CHARRUEL, of La Chapelle Basse, near Nantes, was "dared" to try to pull a lion's whiskers at a circus.

He put his arm through the bars of the lion's cage, and gave a sharp tug. He is now in hospital, minus his right arm.

Mum

AN Australian private in an Italian prisoner of war camp had this letter from his girl:

"Dear Jim.—It seems as though you will never return. Frankly, I have just got tired of waiting, and last Saturday I married your father.—Love, Mum."

AO-TE-ROA

(Continued from Page 1)

Connwall Park, a bus or tram ride, is larger and wilder than Alibert Park, with sheep grazing among fine pastures, and the whole surmounted by One Tree Hill, the site of an ancient Maori Pa and one of Auckland's landmarks.

SPORT PARADISE.

Swimming, fishing, yachting and racing are the chief sports, with football in season.

There is a good golf course at Ellerslie. If you have time, take a bus up to the Waitakere Ranges, where you will see the thick native bush in all its glory, from the graceful tree-fern to the Majestic Kauri (the New Zealand oak), and the white trailing clouds of jasmine and wild clematis.

The Waitakeres are splendid for walks or picnics, but beware of mosquitoes in spring and summer.

The big-game fishing is further North, and you will get good water-sport almost all the year round.

It is well worth-while to take the train to Roturoa, where you can see the Maoris in their own surroundings, and the world-famous geysers and hot springs, with lovely bush surroundings and excellent fishing. In mid-winter (July—August) there are special train services to the Chateau Tongariro for winter sports at the only mountains in North Island high enough to get a good fall of snow. The skiing there is excellent.

And, of course, if and when you get the time, a visit to the lakes and mountains of the South Island.

The climate is warm for eight months of the year, hot and humid in mid-summer in



The End of the Road

Concluding on the Pilgrim's Way

MORE old and picturesque villages have been preserved by by-passes than by the good-will of the land-owners. Lenham is one of them. We have to thank the modern road that fringes the place for the quietude and beauty of the village.

It is full of good things. The Dog and Bear, that long, low, cool inn, stands on one side of the old market-place, in the middle of which, on an island site, is the Chequers Inn—both worth visiting for more than beer. On one corner are a line of graceful almshouses.

The woman who built them in the seventeenth century was remarkable.

She was Mary Honeywood, of Charing, who had sixteen children, and who, when she died at the age of ninety-three, had 367 descendants.

But we must take the road, not lingering long here, nor in the village of Charing, its neighbour, which is almost as attractive.

It is a clear road to Charing, though in places the track is almost wholly overgrown, and we have to walk along the sides of fields beside the hedgerows that mark its course. Beyond Charing it is a walk through woods to Eastwell Park, a spacious place with lovely views, and containing the Eastwell parish church, charmingly placed at the side of a large lake.

Crossing the park, we come to the main Ashford road, but the way swings north-east by Boughton Aluph and becomes a footpath to White Hill, where a double line of old yews shows the road we must take to

the Auckland province, but as changeable as England, and not by any means tropical, though only a few days' sailing from the tropical Pacific islands.

Most of the North Island farming is fruit, dairying and meat, with wool chiefly in South Island. There are few native crafts left, but it is still possible to buy greenstone ornaments—"mere's" or clubs, and the inevitable "Tiki" or Polynesian God-Man, but good greenstone is very expensive, and it is wise to let a local inhabitant choose it for you. Fossilised Kaurigum is an amusing ornament.

Don't be offended if you find the teaspoons chained-up in some of the smaller restaur-

ants; hardware has been very scarce since the war, and our Allies had a habit of sending these small items home as souvenirs!

Don't change sterling in the shops—this is illegal since the Labour Government instituted monetary control, and probably you will lose the 25 per cent. exchange which you should get on sterling.

The libraries are quite good, but not free—you have to pay a small subscription; and the Zoo is worth a visit. But first and last, make use of the Government Tourist Bureau—which, in spite of its impressive name, is a most friendly and helpful institution!

DOROTHY QUENTIN.

SIGHT OF SITE.

Coming out on to the open Down again, we come upon something which is unique on the old track. It cuts through the mounds of an encampment more ancient than itself that once guarded the meeting place of two vital roads. A historical site.

This is the last chance we shall have to look back along the way we have come. To the west stretch those wooded downs that were so long our companions; below them, the verdant valley. Before us lie an expanse of meadows, woods and hopfields, a typical slice of Kent.

We have been in the high places and we have descended to the dales. Let us go down once more.

As we go, the towers of Canterbury Cathedral break through the trees and stand against the sky. The city is hidden in a hollow.

As when we first started our march at Winchester, we have to end it mingling with the traffic. It is difficult to imagine the pilgrims, staffs in hand, plodding their way, when we walk the main road between modern houses and business premises, but our footsteps, as we enter the West Gate of Canterbury, tread in theirs, and the spirit of Canterbury is, perhaps, more in keeping with their age than that of any place we have passed through.

In coming to the Cathedral we can, like them, experience the pleasure of having accomplished our purpose. Like them, we have reached the goal we saw before us when we set out, and, like them, we feel a little sorry that the wayfarer has ended. The thing is over. As a road-worthy and inn-famous poet wrote:—

At the end of the road I shall be when I tire,
For the end of the road is the end of desire.

So here we must part. I hope you have enjoyed the trek as much as I have, and that the Way will have become a picture in your minds, stretching out across the countryside from Hampshire into Surrey, and from Surrey across Kent—a mere series of broken dotted lines on the ordnance map.

But a very real thing, and one which links us with the past centuries more surely than any history book.

D. N. K. Bagnall

Proposal to Becky

"SHE's too ill to see you, sir!" Rebecca said, tripping down to Sir Pitt, who was preparing to ascend.

"So much the better," Sir Pitt answered, "I want to see you, Miss Becky. Come along a me into the parlour," and they entered that apartment together.

"I wawnt you back at Queen's Crawley, Miss," the baronet said, fixing his eyes upon her, and taking off his black gloves and his hat with his great crape hat-band. His eyes had such a strange look and fixed upon her so steadfastly that Rebecca Sharp began almost to tremble.

"I hope to come soon," she said in a low voice, "as soon as Miss Crawley is better—and return to the dear children."

"You've said so these three months, Becky," replied Sir Pitt, "and still you go hanging on to my sister, who'll fling you off like an old shoe, when she's worn you out. I tell you I want you. I'm going back to the Veneral. Will you come back? Yes or No?"

"I daren't—I don't think—it would be right—to be alone—with you, Sir," Becky said, seemingly in great agitation.

"I say again, I want you," Sir Pitt said, thumping the table. "I can't get on without you. I didn't see what it was till you went away. The house all goes wrong. It's not the same place. All my accounts has got muddled again. You must come back. Do come back. Dear Becky, do come!"

"Come—as what, Sir?" Rebecca gasped out.

"Come back as Lady Crawley, if you like," the Baronet said, grasping his crape hat. "There! will that zatisfy you? Come back and be my wife. Your vit for't. Birth be hanged. You're as good a lady as ever I see. You've got more brains in your little vinger than any baronet's wife in the county. Will you come? Yes or no?"

"Oh, Sir Pitt!" Rebecca said, very much moved.

"Say yes, Becky," Sir Pitt continued. "I'm an old man but a good 'un. I am good for twenty years. I'll make you happy, zee if I don't. You shall do what you like: spend what you like: and 'av it all your own way. I'll make you a settlement. I'll do everything regular. Look year!" and the old man fell down on his knees and leered at her like a satyr.

Rebecca started back a picture of consternation. In the course of this history we have never seen her lose her presence of mind: but she did now, and wept some of the most genuine tears that ever fell from her eyes.

"Oh, Sir Pitt!" she said, "Oh Sir! I—I'm married already."

W. M. Thackeray (1811-1863).
From "Vanity Fair."

REFLECTION

AND Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them.

And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven.

And whoso shall receive one such little child in My name receiveth me.

But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

A NUMBER of correspondents write to ask what is the position regarding albums. During the war years they have accumulated stamps which up to now they have not had opportunity to mount up, and when peacetime, with its leisure, invites them to tackle a task so long left in abeyance, they question whether the old pre-1939 album will be big enough to house them all, or indeed be suitable for the new classification of countries and colonies. So they anticipate having to buy new albums.

The situation, at the moment, is that a fair variety of loose-leaf albums may be picked up at high prices, but that printed albums with titles and headings have not yet come into production. Would-be buyers had better wait till Government restrictions are relaxed.

It may interest readers to learn that some fifty years ago a Washington Secret Service



man, acting on behalf of the United States Treasury, did his best to stamp out the "wicked use of stamp albums." This may sound absurd now, but at the time the incident caused a great deal of concern.

The agent was a certain G. O. Barker, and it was following a report in the "Washington Star" of December 22, 1894, that the sale of stamp albums was such an important item to book dealers that he decided to take action. He called at the shop of E. E. Fisher, a bookseller, and carted away the entire stock of stamp albums.

Upon what grounds had he power to do this? Well, the albums contained pictures of stamps, and being facsimiles they were counterfeits.

Mr. Fisher protested. In the first place, the agent had taken the goods without a search warrant. Secondly, the shopkeeper pointed out that the albums were patented. How, then, could one Government Department object to goods that another Department had warranted?

Plucky Mr. Fisher could be fined 5,000 dollars, or fifteen years, or both. But he had talked over the matter with the albums publishers, who told him that similar cases had cropped up in other parts of the country, and that where the cases had been fought the secret agents had always got judgment against them.

Alas, the agent got his own way this time. The "Washington Star" had to report that high legal authorities had supported his action. Future printings of the albums were prohibited, though those already in stock in the shops were allowed to be sold. American law was not concerned with the printing of foreign stamps.

And the law stood for many a year. It is only recently that American publications have been allowed to reproduce facsimiles of American stamps, and then they must of a size different from the original.

In England, there was a law forbidding the reproduction in colour of British stamps. It is still generally observed, though I think it is no longer law.

NEW postage stamps for all denominations are to be issued at Malta in the near future, writes a stamp magazine correspondent. A committee of five prominent citizens, including the Postmaster-General of Malta, has been appointed to consider proposals for designs and colourings.

At the time of writing there is reason to believe that the new stamps will be much smaller than the large pictorial issues that have been used in Malta for the past few years.

Many philatelists will perhaps regret that the very attractive Malta stamps that depict scenes from the island's history or its countryside or architecture will thus be superseded, but the Maltese are desirous of producing a more "practical" stamp and, at the same time, of bringing their stamps into line with those of other Colonies of Britain.

This opinion has already been supported in the columns of the "Times" of Malta, which

stated: "The time has arrived for the responsible authorities to abandon patterns of expressed showmanship, evident in the large stamp current for all denominations."

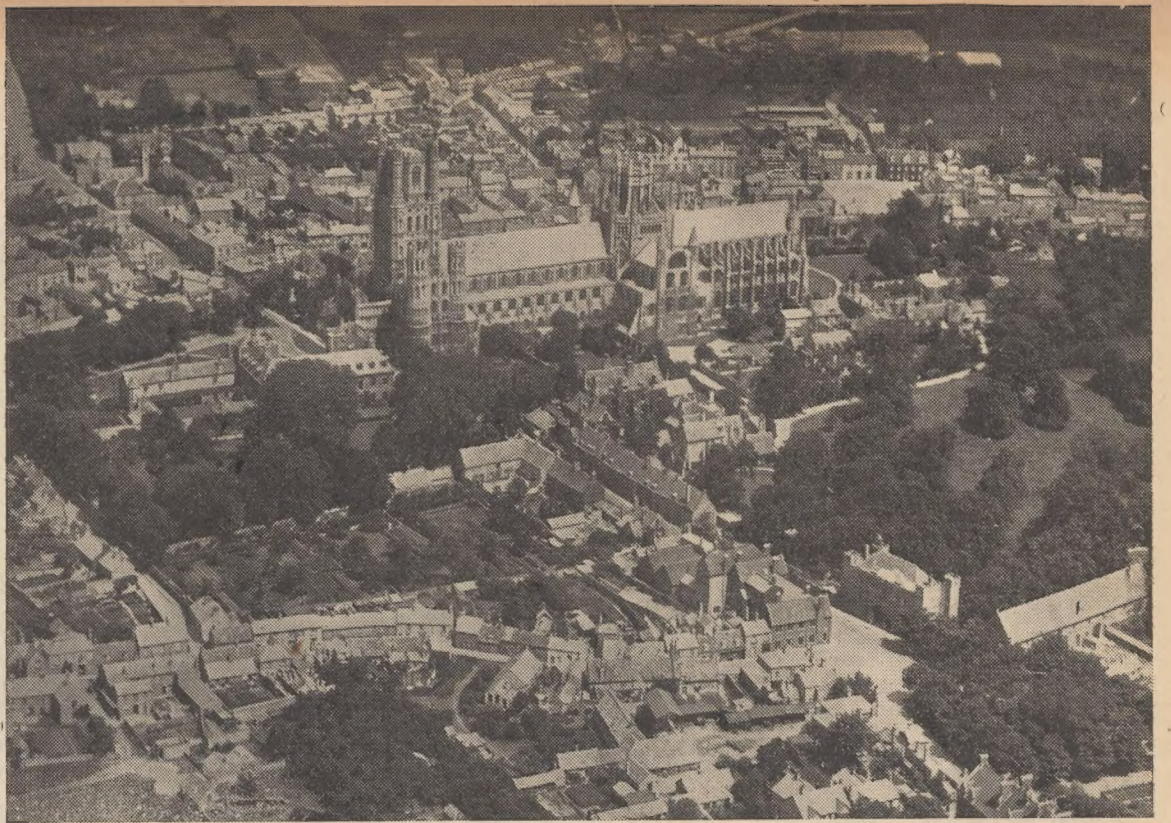


The Swiss Charity stamp reproduced here is one of a series of four issued to provide a fund for necessitous mothers; the design shows weavers at work. The stamps are valid until November 30, 1945. The Italian express post stamp carries the inscription Poste Repubblica Sociale Italiana, and is one of a set of pictorial designs.

**Good
Morning**



All you need to know about the lovely little market town of Ely, in Cambridgeshire, is contained on this page — unless it's your Home Town, and then we congratulate you! Above is the High Street — the shopping centre — looking east.



ELY

Guess what this is! You're right, it's Ely Cathedral. But did you know it dates from 1083 — and embraces every style of architecture, from Early Norman to Late Perpendicular? And what do you know of the West Nave? Ah, we thought not!



Here's the market-place. Much as you would expect — stalls and things. BUT did you know that the west portion of the Cathedral nave, and the tower, were added in 1180? And that the West Porch is known as the Galilee? Ah, we thought not!



Here we are again in Market Place. The toy stall, this time. But did you know the lovely choir in the Cathedral was erected between 1235-52 — and the decorated octagon tower and lantern finished in 1328? Ah, we thought not!



Here we see poppets popping in the Gallery, with the West Tower of the Cathedral in the background. In case you've forgotten, the West Tower was added in 1180. (Oh, goody, goody!)



Market Day has ended — and the local is shut. Sad, sad thought. But did you know that the Lady Chapel (now the parish church) dates from 1321-49? Ah, we thought not!



Look at this huckster in the Market Place, and say farewell to Ely, lovely fen-country town that has a Cathedral dating from — when? Ah, we thought you would have forgotten!